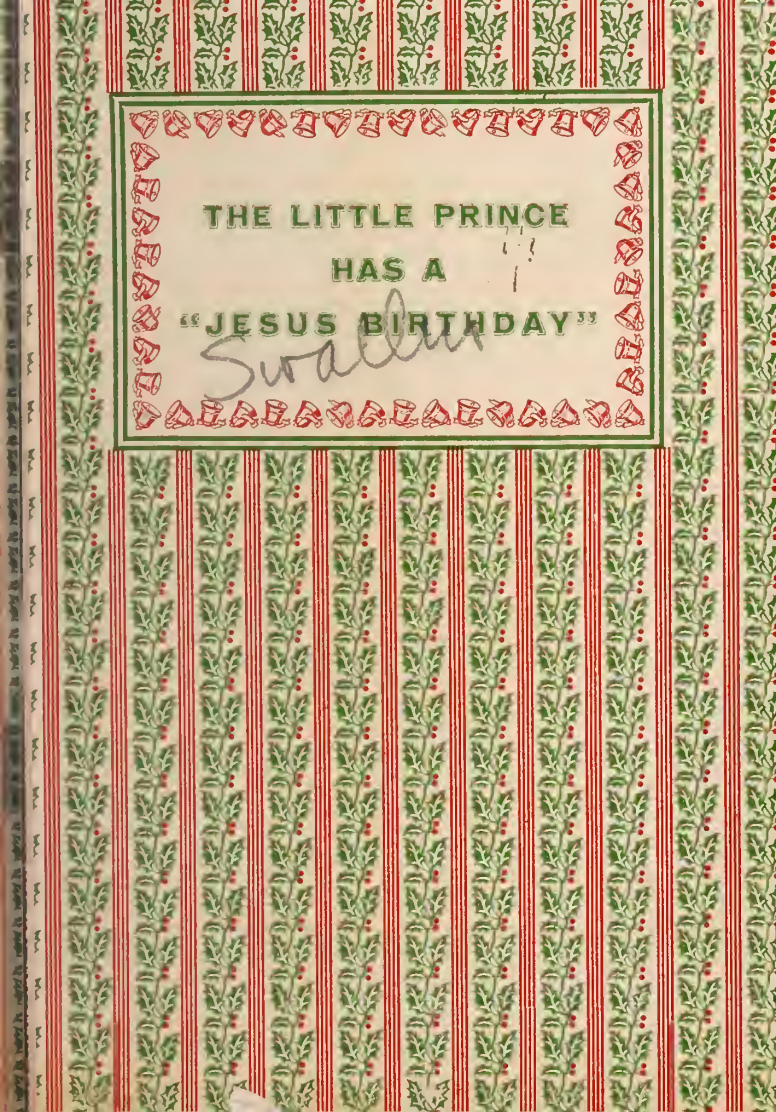
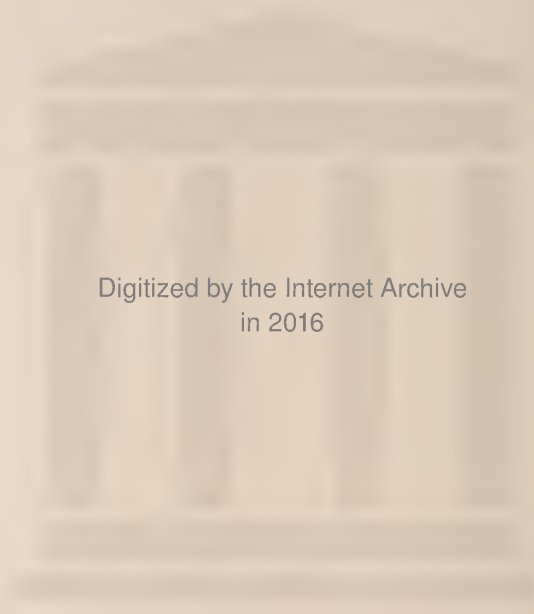


THE LITTLE PRINCE  
HAS A  
"JESUS BIRTHDAY"

*Swadlow*





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# The Little Prince Has a "Jesus Birthday"

*Condensed by Sue Hopkins*

**T**HIS interesting incident written by Miss M. L. Guthapfel in her story "Only a Prince of Korea," is worth repeating. And owing to the marriage of the Prince and his visit to Seoul, it will be read with more than the usual interest in princely doings.

The little prince, when nine years old, was very much out of touch with things Korean on the twenty-fourth of December.

Against the wishes of his "personal guard," he climbed the wall of the palace, called the gateman of the next compound,



and had him call out the missionary to talk with him. He asked her about the "Yea-su Tan-il," or Jesus' Birthday. She told him what it was, and invited him to go next day to the Chong No Church and find out all about it for himself.

But his face clouded as he exclaimed, "Not I, I am only a prince; I am not like the other boys of my country; I cannot go out of the palace gates now even so far as I used to go. But tell me, can you not get one of the 'Jesus Birthdays' and bring it to me here in your room? Look," he said, as he ran along the wall to a place opposite her window, "look, I can see down in there if you will open your window wide, and if you will put a 'Jesus Birthday' in there tomorrow, I can have one, too, while I stand here. Oh, please, lady; I am a prince, and never had a 'Jesus Birthday.' Give me one, lady, please do."



Startled by the request the missionary thought for a moment, then with the pleading brown eyes looking into hers, she said: "Oh, I don't see how I can do that. It is too cold for you to stand there. Your mother would not like you to. You might get sick and besides I have nothing with which to make a 'Jesus Birthday.' It needs a congregation, and then—."

"Oh, that's all right," said this determined young man, "here's your congregation," and majestically raising his hands he took in the three half-frozen male attendants and the three women, whose unhappy, scowling faces looked very unlike the "Jesus congregation" of the church across the way. But the boyish voice went on in pleading tones, "Lady listen, I've never had a 'Jesus Birthday' in my whole life and if you don't make me one tomorrow I may never have one, for I'm only a little prince and I want one 'Jesus Birth-



day' like other boys." The missionary yielded, saying, "Ah, your majesty, I shall try to do something tomorrow, although I have little to do with I fear." As she turned away the boy said, "Lady, I heard that you have a pine tree with funny fruit on it, fruit that comes from America. You'll get the fruit for my 'Jesus Birthday' and I'll have my servants get the tree."

"Very well," laughed the lady, "I'll do my best. . . . Goodbye then, till tomorrow."

She hurried into the house while the prince with a happy face sauntered back to his apartments to think it out, while the disgusted, newly-made, unwilling congregation turned to their various duties of sitting around waiting for the young master's call. Sadly they shook their heads as they talked together in whispers, squatting on the handsome floor rugs just outside the room the boy had entered.



What new freak is this? He, a prince of Korea, holding conversation with a Christian? His only religious duty should be worshipping at the temples, as did their forefathers. Would not the gods be offended and dire calamity visit the palace? "Eigo! Eigo!" they wailed. "What a foolish child but who would stop him but the royal mother and who would take the task of telling her?"

But let us leave them to their misery and hasten on with Time to the next morning just at daybreak. It was bitter cold. Across the eastern gate the new day struggled to arouse itself from the slumbers of the night. The palace door opens, a small boy steps forth softly ordering here and there the officials who follow shivering. . . .

A thump on the missionary's door by one official called her from dreamland. "What is it?" she asked.



A scared voice answered, "Oh, Pou-in, the prince and the officials are at the wall, and he says he wants his 'Jesus Birthday' right away."

The Pou-in arose, dressed hurriedly and found at the wall the prince and his "congregation." It was just light enough to see their faces, the boy's bright and eager, the attendants' cross and blue with the cold. "My," thought the lady, "I hope the faces will not freeze; they'll be very ugly if they do."

The boy seeing her, said quickly and all in a breath, "Oh, Pou-in, here we are and there are trees, two of them, please Pou-in, give me the 'Jesus Birthday' now."

"Ah, no, little prince, I cannot do that, you must wait. I was up until midnight getting the 'Jesus Birthday' ready for my pupils and I had no time to find the funny fruit you want on the trees. I must go to





the stores in 'Jap town' and see if there is some to be bought. You must come back here today when the sun is right overhead. It will be noon then, and warmer. I will see what I can do during the morning." She smilingly instructed the gateman to pick up the two four-foot high trees the officials had tossed angrily over the wall and to carry them into the house. Reluctantly, yet with the eager look still on his face, the boy turned away with a "Thank you lady."

An hour's search produced but four American tinsel ornaments and one precious package of colored Christmas tree candles and holders. A few more ornaments were secured by a hurried search in the store-room, some oranges and persimmons, tied with stray bits of ribbon and the fruit of the tree was ready. Then a still scared gateman placed the green trees in old flower-pots packed with snow, set them on a



table beside the casement window next the wall and all was ready.

Just as the sun reached the spot over the palace, the prince burst open the palace doors and rushed out to the wall. The officials and women followed, still disgusted and cross. The gateman had been watching for the prince, a private duty imposed upon himself. He ran in and called the lady, who slipped on a coat, tied a scarf over her head and threw open the window. Pleasantly she greeted her "congregation." The little prince made a pretty picture as he stood with hair neatly plaited, his coat of pale green silk and trousers of soft pink silk; white silk gauntlets and embroidered shoes completing the costume.

Then he questioned. "Lady, tell me first what do you do at your 'Jesus Birthday'?"

"Oh, we sing, pray and preach."



"I know to pray, but I don't know the others. Do some for me."

Amusement was written on the face of the missionary but she tried to look grave as she answered, "I'll do the best I can. First we must trim the trees."

She worked busily, placing the ornaments and fruit she had collected. As she worked she spoke to the prince of Jesus, the Prince of Peace, of his birth, his love for all, his love for the little prince of Korea. Just as she reached that place, she was shocked to hear the boy say, "Lady, you tell me an untruth, your Jesus does not love me or he would have given me a 'Jesus Birthday' before this. He may love the little children at the churches, but not me; I'm only a prince and he never came to my house."

"Ah, little prince, listen," she answered. "He does love you. He tried to come to



you before but he comes to you through me today to tell you that he loves you. It is true."

The boy did not answer at once. He was wondering if he had ever heard that the gods in the temples where he worshipped loved him! He didn't believe he ever had. The impatient stamp of some cold persons behind him caused him to turn and tell the whole "guard" to go in the house if they were cold and didn't like his "Jesus Birthday." But they did not go, they knew better. Their heads might be in danger if they left that small boy for a moment.

When the lady had finished her talk, she said, "Little prince, the tree is trimmed and you must go and get warm. Come back tonight and I will light these candles and give you the rest of the 'Jesus Birthday'."

The small prince gleefully clapped his hands and looking longingly at the tree,



ran into the house while the lady closed the windows with a little prayer on this "the prince's first Christmas Day."

At dusk the lady, sitting in the room with the trees, heard the hurried rush to the wall and the boy's eager voice calling "Pou-in, Pou-in." She threw open the window, greeted the lad. With a lighted paper she touched the candles one by one. The tiny flames shot into the darkness about the tree, lighting up her gentle face and the tinsel ornaments. A burst of glee from the boy and a "grunt" from the congregation greeted her. "Good, good, how pretty," followed by a "Now, lady, give me the rest of the birthday."

"Well, then, we will begin," said the lady, "the pupils of my school are in the next room and will help me to sing a 'Jesus Birthday' hymn."

At the close of the sixth verse, the boy ruler clapped his hands, saying simply and



with conviction, "Lady, that was a very good 'noise.' Please make some more." Smiling, the lady turned to the Korean hymnal—"Hark! the Herald Angels sing," "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night," and then the chorus paused to rest.

"Oh, that is splendid noise, I like that. Quick, do some of the rest of the pray and the preach."

"Oh, prince, you had the preaching. I told the story of Jesus as I placed the things on the trees today. That is all preaching is."

"Then I had that part, did I?" "Yes, you did." "But I didn't have the pray part. Don't you want to give me that? Please I want the pray." The soul of the missionary took on new life.

"Surely I want to pray but listen, little prince, our praying is talking to Jesus and



he will not be happy if we are not reverent as you are to the gods. We always bow our heads."

No sooner said than done. The boy hastily turned to his assistants. "Here, you people, bow your heads there, quick." Turning, he placed his head in his gloved hands. She dropped on her knees and poured out her heart to God in a fervent prayer that the child could understand. The prayer ended, heads raised, the officials' faces had taken on an awe-struck look. What had they done, prayed to the Christian God? "Ei-go, ei-go, now what would happen?" "Please, lady, some more of the good noise."

"Our Savior in Judea Born," "God's Best Gift," with "Joy to the World, the Lord has Come," followed each other, to the delight of the small boy, who clapped his hands and exclaimed in delight. At the last verse of



the last mentioned hymn the lady smiled and said: "That is all the 'Jesus Birthday' hymns in the book. You have had them all."

To her surprise the boy said: "I don't think that is right Pou-in, you didn't sing it all." "Oh, but we did," answered the lady. Still the little face was clouded. "But lady, the first time you made the good noise you went around that noise six times but now you have only gone around this last 'noise' four times. Where are the other two times?"

Bright boy, this lad of Korea. The first hymn had six verses, the last one but four. Explanations were cumbersome, so the lady meekly sang the last two verses of the last hymn over again and the little prince gave a satisfied sigh. He had had it all.

The candles were burning dangerously low, so the lady blew them out as she asked, "Have you enjoyed your 'Jesus





‘Birthday,’ Little Prince? I think it is all over now.”

“Oh, I have, I did like it all. I wish a little prince of Korea could have a ‘Jesus Birthday’ every year. But did you say it was all over? Is there no more, lady?”

The lady, puzzled, answered, “Why, I can think of no more.”

A short silence and then the boy spoke, “Lady, I heard it said that in your churches, when you had a ‘Jesus Birthday’ you give the little boys presents and I didn’t get one. Can’t a prince have a present too?”

He was a prince, but the boy nature came out in the last remark. He wanted his present.

The poor, bewildered missionary said: “Oh, little prince, I would like so much to give you a present. We do give presents



to the boys and girls in the churches but I have none that will do for a little prince. You don't want these oranges and persimmons like the little children in the churches?"

"Pshaw, no! Got lots of that stuff in this house."

"Yes, but you see there is nothing else, and I am sorry. Another time I will try to see that you, too, have a present."

The disappointed face was raised once to hers. "But, lady, I never had any of that pretty, shiny fruit on the tree."

Quickly the lady removed the tinsel ornaments and handed the shiny "fruit" of those two wonderful Christmas trees to the young monarch. Gravely turning, he carefully passed them one by one to the waiting attendants, saying: "Don't drop these. If you do you will have to answer to me."



Then with satisfaction, "They are my 'Jesus Birthday' presents." But still he lingered. "Lady, I am sorry to bother you, but could you give the little prince one of the books you made the good 'noise' out of?"

With a glad throb of joy the missionary handed him her Korean hymnal. Thanking her over and over again he turned to her with the book clasped tightly in his hands. With a last lingering look at what had been the Christmas tree, he saluted her in a courteous fashion and entered the palace. His attendants followed, each one carefully holding in his hands the precious fruit of the Christmas tree.

The tired worker went to her room but while preparing for her well-earned rest, she heard a frightful noise coming from within the palace. Hastily she slipped on her outer garments. She passed around the wall,



found a convenient box, and mounting it looked over the wall into the brilliantly lighted room from which the noise came. She saw a little prince, whose mother had a habit of spanking him when he didn't please the maternal mind. Her heart ached because she had been the cause of it, but to her great joy she saw her fears were groundless. She could just see into the room and looked upon three men, the larger of whom had clasped tightly in his hands the previous Korean hymnal and three women hovering around trying to see as well, while before the six stood a glowing, eager little boy with hand upraised as if beating time. Still as she looked the little voice was raised shrilly suggestive: "I tell you the good noise is in the book. You must get it out. Didn't I hear the lady get it out? The 'Noise' you are getting out is a very bad 'noise.' Now do it again, and get the *good* 'noise' out or you will



see what will happen." And six scared perspiring faces once more bent over the book.

The lady returning to her own room, dropped on her knees, her heart leaping for joy, keeping time to the one strain, "Joy to the World, the Lord Has Come!" sung in six different tunes. It was the sweetest music she had ever heard and her last thought was—"Oh, my Father, I thank Thee, that Thou has let me be a missionary to Korea."





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By

The Woman's Board of Foreign Missions of the  
Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.





Board of Foreign Missions  
of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.  
156 Fifth Avenue, New York

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PRICE TEN CENTS



## THE ITCH SPREADER

FROM "FORWARD"

Kwan was weaving a straw sandal. AS he held it up for inspection he said: "I saw that Jesus-doctrine preacher at the market to-day; he is selling his Gospels at every house gate. How shall we prevent his working in our village?"

It was in Kwan's *sarang* or guest room, seven by fourteen feet in size, with crude, low roof timbers showing overhead. The walls and ceiling between the rafters were plastered with clay finished with loam to stop the cracks. A thick, coarse matting of rice straw covered the warm floor, which was built of flagstones sealed with clay and loam.

The hired men of the neighborhood met here during the long winter evenings, each bringing a bundle of selected straw from which he wove sandals for the coming summer's use, spun straw rope, or wove baskets and mats while they gossiped, told stories, and sang their farm songs. The stone hearth of a tiny fireplace up in the wall was kept supplied with resinous chips from a pine stump. The smoke, not unpleasantly scented, passed out of doors by a small flue, and the light was sufficient for the coarse work.

“First tell us why you want to prevent him,” challenged Yi.

“Because we have our religions, and they are all we need,” asserted Kwan.

“Let me tell you my experience with the Jesus-doctrine people,” persisted Yi. “I was an orphan boy working for a Confucian farmer when an itchy rash broke out between my fingers. ‘You are an itch spreader,’ the farmer and his wife declared, showing their disgust in their faces and uplifted hands as they ordered me out of the house. ‘The whole family will catch it and be driven out of the village, and our house will be burned as an itch house,’ they cried.

“Oh, how I despaired! Where could I go? No one would give me work after they found out my disease. All fled from me in fear. One innkeeper’s kind-hearted wife had me dig a pit in her yard, in which she made a charcoal fire. Then she told me to undress in an out-house, throw a straw bag over my body and stand over the fire while she sprinkled mercury on it. This cured my legs but nearly killed me. My mouth swelled, the water ran from it for a week, and I almost choked to death. But my face and hands and arms were as bad as ever. In three thousand years our religions have not enlightened us enough to cure even the itch.

“Then I wandered to Seoul and lived in a great dugout that had been prepared for the Seoul beggars to winter in. It was just a pit four feet deep and sixty long by twenty feet wide, roofed with poles and thatch. The building of that pit was considered a great and unusual work of charity for our religions, bringing large merit to the builders. While I was there, one day an American missionary came through the dugout looking for any people he could help. He saw that I did not look like a professional beggar, bowing and whining for pennies ; so he asked me why I was there. He gave me a letter to Dr. Avison at the mission hospital, where they took me in and cured my itch very easily. They gave me a new suit, taught me about Jesus and his cleansing from sin, and sent me back to our village sound and able to get work again.

“That is why I say that however helpful you may claim our religions to be, as far as they go, they do not go far enough. They say, ‘Do good, do good,’ but they can give us no power to obey. We need the Jesus doctrine to clean us completely, to take away our shame and fear, to give us self-respect and assurance, to restore us to our proper life and usefulness. But for the Jesus doctrine, notwithstanding our religions, I should have degenerated into a professional beggar, and I should now be going

from house to store in Seoul with a gourd in my dirty hands, calling out my persistent, shameless demands for help, bowing and whining, growing filthier and more diseased passing on my itch and my sins to others, till some morning they found me frozen to death under a stone bridge.

“It is just this complete healing and cleansing from the itch of sin by the power of Jesus that our whole nation needs ; no other religion can bring it to us. So let us receive the worker and heed his teaching. Let us start a church and a day school in our valley and make more real progress in the next three years than we have made in the last three thousand.”

F. S. MILLER,

Chung Ju, Korea.

# Kim Yong Sun

A HERO

Music - p. 10

*“Speak, Lord; for Thy servant heareth.”*

*“Go quickly, and tell.”*

## KIM YONG SUN.

V. F. PENROSE



Did you ever hear of Chung Chyeng in Korea? It is four miles from Gensan, and was the home of Kim Yong Sun, or "Old Kim," as we best know him.

The Kim family belong to the "noble lineage of the King's first born" in the province. They are hard

working people, but are considered gentlemen, and have some knowledge of Chinese characters. They are farmers.

Rev. J. S. Gale went to Gensan in 1892 to tell the Gospel story. Ko, the gateman, heard it, and out at his father's grave met the Kims and told them.

Mr. Gale wrote: "On the first day of meeting the room was filled, and in the furthest corner sat a little oldish man, with face afire, listening as I read. At the close he stood and made an address of his own. 'This doctrine,' said he, 'tells a man to hate his father and mother and marry his brother's wife. Wrong?'



Of course. Away with it! Everybody knows it is wrong!' ” and he left in disgust.

But he came again, and the fiery face grew pinched with listening. Rest, food, peace, for himself, though Christ Himself had suffered and died. Tears came, and old Kim arose and told the people so tenderly that he did not know how or why, but the story of Jesus was for him and he trusted; his heart was at peace the first time in fifty years. Among the people there was great consternation.

Kim Yong Sun's face was changed. Woe was gone. Peace was written on it. He went to the village

elders and told them his news and they were all disturbed, and the town was in confusion. At night he prayed so loud he terrified the people. So they offered sacrifice and cried to their gods to be saved.

One man, bolder than the rest, went "and defied God and threatened Kim, and blasphemed in his poor ignorant way." He then went to his home beneath the hills, but a great rain came and a landslide buried the man beneath his hill. Kim prayed to God to save the people and stop the landslide.

From being a wicked man Kim gradually "became what all the townfolk said was a good man—though a

little crazy— and they nicknamed him Chöm Yöng-Kam (Little Old Man).” In the eyes of his countrymen he was little. He lived not here but in the life to come, so he was older than his age. For a time he had to endure the contempt and ridicule of his wife when he knelt in prayer. After attending the teaching and asking many questions for two months he and his two brothers gathered all their rags, ancestral tablets and articles of Naelki worship and burned them in front of their house, telling the people these belonged to devil-worship and they were done with them forever. Mr. Gale did not know of this

till afterwards—had not even hinted at it. It cost them the friendship of the native village, and they had much petty persecution to bear. But the Lord blessed them and “opened their mouths to talk to their countrymen, a thing so hard for Koreans to do.”

Whether on the street, in the home, or on a bed of sickness, Old Kim never hesitated to declare the Gospel message, and to witness to the power of God's grace. While lying ill once this verse was read: “Rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, that when His glory is revealed ye may be glad also with exceeding joy.” Instantly he replied:

“Well, this is a marvel—this book. *It fits so.*”

Only a year more of life remained, and it was a year of great suffering. When he was so weakened by disease that he could no longer work, he gave all his time and strength, as he sat in a little wayside shelter, to preaching Christ to all who would pause and listen.

Once he said: “I was cutting grass for fuel, and the weariness was so great that I knelt down among the reeds to tell Him of it, and He gave me such peace and such indescribable delight. Oh! If the people only knew of it they would all trust in Him.”

There was no meeting-house where the people could gather, and the times were very hard. Mr. Gale told Kim he thought such a house was out of the question, but he was rebuked by the reply: "Brother, who runs this world?" And with that Kim went to the end of the veranda and prayed and shouted so loud that the people in the town could hear him. He wanted a meeting-house in which to preach the Good News, and he thanked God for his promise of answer. The meeting-house is built now, but Kim never saw it, for his body was already sleeping in the dust awaiting resurrection.

Faithful to the end he gave strength and encouragement to "us who were left," Mr. Gale wrote, though his bodily strength was gone and life nearly ended.

When Mr. Gale was hard at his splendid dictionary work he said to him: "Brother, be careful lest the work take your thoughts off Jesus." Wise advice for everyone who has any work to do for Jesus.

Once when Mr. Gale was absent for a week, and the usual hour for Sunday morning service came, Old Kim asked for the key of the little study (8x15 feet), and a goodly number who had not defiled themselves

with the sacrifices and worship at the graves of ancestors then going on, gathered and sang the weird native chants to sacred hymns which have been translated into Korean, read the Bible and talked it over together. Then their voices rose in fervent prayer.

This poor old heathen found out the secret of life, death and resurrection, and died triumphant.

“On a sunny slope among the pines near his little mud cabin, there is a green mound that marks his grave. We knew him less than two years, and after all he was only a poor backwoods Korean, but his



going meant loneliness to us, and his memory still brings the tears." So Mr. Gale ends a little sketch of his life.

May all who read this fix themselves in Jesus, and, delighting in His peace, try to do more to spread the good news in the dark places. Is it not pitiful to read that such a man never saw a meeting-house because "times were very hard"? And here we spend so much on ourselves. Truly the measure of our love for Christ is what we do, and want to do, to make Him known, *and what we do without.*



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